

# THE INTERMOUNTAIN CATHOLIC

Denver

A Catholic Paper for The Catholic Home

SALT LAKE

Pro Deo Pro Patria

For God and Country.

Butte

Vol. 12, No. 11, Twelfth Year.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DECEMBER 31, 1910.

Colorado Catholic, 26th Year.

## NEW YEARS GREETING

Happy New Year. Happiness Sought All. Worldly Happiness Defective. St Paul's Ideal of Happiness. Reverses the World's Maxims. Bethlehem and Calvary Teach an Object Lesson. The World Subdued by the Victim of the Cross. New Year Sounds Warning Note.

(Written for The Intermountain Catholic.)

The echoes of Christmas joys still remain. The joyous greetings—"Merry Christmas"—will be supplemented in a few days by the general salutation, "I wish you a Happy New Year." All sharing in the real joys of Christmas will, no doubt, participate in that happiness for which human nature longs and craves. Happiness is one of the natural instincts of human nature. In what does it consist? Viewing impartially the history of the human race, past and present, it is well known that man places all his hopes of happiness in this world and the pleasures which it affords. Hence, with all the energies of his soul, and all the strenuous efforts at his command, man strives to make the world, its pleasures and amusements, a haven of peace and rest. The almost universal feeling of our age is that if they can have all their natural and artificial wants supplied, and are not disturbed by the trials and crosses of life, they have, as they claim, heaven on earth and need for nothing more.

This modern feeling and sentiment, founded on indifference, do not conform to the teaching of St. Paul, who says: "The grace of God our Savior hath appeared to all men. Instructing us that, denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly and justly and godly in this world." Men's hopes of happiness then, as intended by Providence, extend beyond the grave. This hope does not mean the suppression of all vexations of soul and body in this life, but it presupposes them, and as the same apostle expresses it, man must be resigned and bear them patiently, hoping for future reward. "Looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the Great God and our Savior Jesus Christ."

This is reversing the maxims of the world, which claims to find its ideal happiness, or heaven, at this side of the grave. It demonstrates very clearly that God's ways and man's ideas of happiness are very different. How is "the glory of God," to which St. Paul refers, made manifest? In Bethlehem, gazing on the Infant Savior, neither glory, majesty nor greatness can be seen, yet the eye of faith sees the divinity veiled under human form. In the cold, damp manger is seen a helpless infant, the son of a poor virgin, and who, notwithstanding his repellent surroundings, is the source and fountain of all happiness. The story of his life from Bethlehem to Calvary, according to the simple narrative of the gospel, discloses none of the pomp or dignity of earthly monarchs, nor the glamor or pagantry of conquering heroes, but a teacher of the highest morality. Yet he is not only a king, but the king of kings, and his conquests extended over the entire world. To subdue the world he calls to his aid poor fishermen. He dies an ignominious death on the cross. His death is His victory, because, through it, He conquers both death and sin, and redeems the human race. At Bethlehem and Calvary, standing as interested spectators, what an object lesson is there unfolded.

Watching the death of the old year and the birth of the new year, gentle reader, pause and reflect how the years that make up the span of life quickly pass. And what practical lesson does not this teach? In Bethlehem one sees true greatness rising out of littleness, real strength born of weakness, and the glory of the Great God manifested in humility. The new year marks the flight of time and man's near approach to the grave. It sounds a note of warning to be ever ready to meet the messenger of death. "What does it profit one to gain the whole world, if in the end he loses his soul?" How many such warnings will the future bring forth? To this query there is no answer. Whilst musing on earth is more certain than death, there is nothing more uncertain than the year, the day, or the hour it may occur.

New Year's morning, when exchanging the compliments of the season and wishing one another happiness, the real meaning and significance of "I wish you a happy New Year," is to make good the resolutions one may make at the commencement of the year, "to cast off the ways of darkness," and strive to be virtuous. It is undeniable that virtue leads to happiness, and equally true that happiness produces virtue. When one lends a helping hand to the needy, he is happy and the receiver of the gift happy. The practical manifestation of one's happiness, in noble deeds, means an increase of virtue, whilst at the same time the happier the individual is made the more virtuous will they become. This is always the result of the law of love.

A person, losing sight of his real destiny and end, cannot be happy, that is, cannot enjoy permanent happiness. He may possess the goods of this world, but like the miser mentioned in the gospel, he is not rich; he may have all the pleasures which weak human nature seeks, but they do not please. Why? Because when one's ideal, or supreme good is restricted to this world and this life he seeks only to satisfy his animal instincts and propensities which never produce happiness. There is always a void in the heart and soul that cannot be filled by all the pomp, glory and glitter of the world, plus the indulgence of the passions.

When exchanging greetings and expressing good wishes on New Year's day there are two standards to select from, that of the world and that of the cross. The former appeals to one's animal instincts, to the senses. It says, "Live and be merry, for tomorrow you may die." It lies, and never fulfills its promise. (Continued from Page 1.)

## EVILS OF DIVORCE.

When the secular press takes alarm at the increase of divorce and the facility with which they are obtained, it is no wonder that those who look upon the sacredness of the marriage tie and its indissolubility should the laxity which prevails everywhere regarding the solemn promises uttered when "two become one." Last Monday the Herald-Republican in an editorial discusses divorce statistics. It says:

"Some interesting statistics regarding the granting of divorces have recently been published. For instance, more than 1,000 judges in the United States have authority to construe the divorce laws and to dissolve marriages, and the cost of divorce is practically a matter of attorney fees. Out of nearly 1,000,000 cases investigated, only about 15 per cent were defended, and in some of these cases the defense was a mere formality."

"With a thousand or more divorce mills grinding at only nominal cost to the men and women who find the marital yoke galling or have found soul mates, it is not surprising that the total number of divorces granted in the United States is exceedingly large."

"It is shown by the statistics in question that persons who have lived together for twenty years are seldom divorced, and that if a husband and wife can live together for even four years the risk of divorce becomes much less; the real test of compatibility being during the first four, during which the divorce rate steadily rises."

"It is a noteworthy fact, also, that nearly all of the split-ups between couples in the early stages of married life occur in cases where the parties formed a co-partnership upon short notice and without giving the morrow a thought or care."

"There used to be an adage regarding marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. Couples continue to marry in haste, but they don't repent at leisure. They seek the divorce courts."

"On Wednesday of the present week thirty-three divorces were granted in three hours in the superior court at Seattle, the average time for each case being five minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The judge who presided during the unyoking of these marital misfits knew that his court was being used for an unholy purpose, but said in justification of his action in granting the divorces that the lax divorce laws were to blame for the loosening of so many domestic ties."

"There are almost as many marriage and divorce laws as there are states. So long as this unfortunate condition prevails the divorce evil will continue. Why not make the laws uniform and let the federal government prescribe the conditions in both cases?"

## ORIGIN OF "XMAS."

Throughout the English-speaking world Christmas is very generally written "Xmas," says Rev. James F. MacGovern, writing to the Sacramento Bee. Possibly there are people who imagine that this form of writing the word is of purely American origin, and has no justification save that of being brief. Doubtless many use it for the sake of brevity, but such a world-wide usage has a better reason d'être than mere brevity.

Does the "X" stand for Christ?

In the Greek, "Christ" is written in letters corresponding to KRISTOS, and is pronounced Kristos. From my study of Christian archaeology, I learn that in the Roman catacombs (which I have visited) the "X" was the symbol for Christ. If you will refer to the Greek characters in the name of Christ you will perceive that the "X" stands first and the "R" second. These two letters combined made the monogram of Christ and are still to be found engraved upon the tombs of the Christian martyrs in the catacombs.

It has been my privilege to walk in the corridors of that subterranean city of the blessed dead of those remote centuries. Often, indeed, have I reverently stooped over the tombs of the martyrs for Christ, and read such epitaphs as this one:

## JACOBUS IN PACE.

With the monogram of Christ on the same slab to show that Jacobus had given his life for Christ.

Since, therefore, the "X" symbolized Christ in the early stages of Christianity, it is most reasonable to infer that His followers in the succeeding ages would also use it. "Xmas" was first written by Christian scholars and for the reason that they were satisfied that the "X" was Christ in symbol.

## DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.

The Rev. J. A. M. Richey, a prominent Anglican minister of Quincy, Ill., was received into the Church on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception by his grace, Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis. Mr. Richey was founder and editor of the Anglican journal, "The Crusader."

## ALL FOR SWEET CHARITY.

The Kaiser's cousin, Prince Frederick Henry of Prussia, eldest son of the late Prince Albrecht, Regent of Brunswick, has embraced Catholicism, ceded his entire fortune to the Catholic Church, and entered an Italian monastery as a monk. He is known in the monastery simply as Brother Henry. The fortune which he has given to the Church in Italy is estimated at \$1,250,000. It will be devoted solely to charitable and humane purposes.

## FAMOUS CATHOLICS.

It will interest many to know that among living descendants of great men of letters, the following are Catholics: A daughter each of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Nathaniel Parker Willis and Canon Kingsley; grandchildren of Charles Dickens and Bulwer Lytton; all the direct descendants of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott; and nephews and nieces of Thackeray, Hallam and Froude.

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.  
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the Old Year lies a-dying.  
Old Year, you must not die;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;  
He will not see the light of day;  
He hath no other light above;  
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,  
And the New Year will take 'em away.  
Old Year, you must not go;  
Too long have you been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us—  
Old Year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumper to the brim;  
A jollier year we shall not see.  
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,  
And tho' his toes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.  
Old Year, you must not die;  
We did so laugh and cry with you;  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er.  
To see him die across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride poste-haste,  
But he'll be dead before.  
Everyone for his own.  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New Year, blithe and bold, m' friend,  
Come up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro;  
The cricket chirps; the light burns low—  
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
Shake hands before you die,  
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you;  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
Alack! our friend is gone.  
Close up his eyes—tie up his chin—  
Step from the corpse and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
And a new face at the door.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

## ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Rome tells of the completion of the New St. Patrick's Church in the Eternal City.

For more than a year the Church of St. Patrick in Rome has been rising silently, but quickly and majestically from its foundations in the via Ludovisi—so silently that many even of the Irish residents of the city have been unaware of the fact, so quickly that it will be ready for opening on next St. Patrick's day, and so majestically that the new temple more than promises to be another gem of ecclesiastical architecture added to the treasures of Rome. The architect is the Chevalier Aristide Leonori, already famous for the many beautiful churches erected by him not only in Rome, but in America and various other parts of the world. The facade is mainly of Tivoli travertine; an ample portal, rich in pilasters and columns, surmounted by a mosaic representing St. Patrick receiving his mission from the Pope, and flanked by two niches destined to contain the statues of St. Bridget and St. Columbkille, gives entrance to the church which is approached by eight steps from the street. Over the portal and running across the whole front is a large frieze of carved arabesques, and upon this rests a portico of nine arches, in the center of which is to be seen the coat-of-arms of the reigning Pontiff, and above this again rises the large central window. The facade is crowned by a cornice supported by fifteen arches with pillars, and in the middle, over the great window, is a mosaic representing St. Patrick in the act of blessing. Above the tympanum and crowning the whole edifice rises an Irish Cross in carved stone. The length of the church, including the ample vestibule, is about 175 feet and the breadth about 78 feet. It is divided into three naves by large columns of granite of Bavaria with interposed pilasters; the central nave terminates in an apse containing the high altar, and small apses with altars also close the minor naves; the roof is flat and decorated with inlaid woodwork.

## POPE LIKES HARD WORKERS.

Rome.—The Pope, who is a hard worker, thinks hard work is a blessing. Talking on the subject with an American prelate, he said:  
"Hard work never killed a man, though at times it may give him some hard knocks. It is surprising to find so many old men on the missions, who grow younger each year by keeping at their noble work. For instance, there is a Bishop Mgr. Cazet, who, despite his eighty-four years, is able to do active duty. Bishop Cazet celebrated his silver jubilee of consecration on October 11. During the past year in the course of his missionary tours, he confirmed 5,708 persons, and the number would have been larger if more priests were on hand to gather the harvest. I understand he makes most of his journeys on foot. I hope to see him ere either of us pass away."

## SABBATH DAY.

Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles points man's duty to God, and how the Sunday should be kept holy.

"The sanctification of the Sabbath as a sacred day of rest did not begin with Moses, but was in the lives of men from the beginning of the world. The legal sanctification of the Sabbath by divine commandment dates from the time when the Israelites were freed from the slavery of Pharaoh, for then the law prescribed the Sabbath as the day to be observed in memory of their freedom. It became one of the established ceremonies of the Mosaic law and as such became subject to the change which came to the entire law when Christ brought to mankind the new dispensation and fulfilled the law of the Old Testament. The Sabbath was established in memory of the rest of God after the six days of creation, teaching us that a day's rest is needful to man in his weary life and that it should be made the occasion not only for thanksgiving to God, but also as a memorial of His favors to men."

"Respect for Sunday should keep us from doing anything that would desecrate it. Opportunities should be given to all to observe the sacredness of the day and hence no man should be bound to any unnecessary work. The general spirit of the people favors the cessation of all labor except in those things that are absolutely necessary for the public welfare. Society will best protect itself from future anger by safeguarding respect for the Sunday. The indifference and irreligion which result from an absolute disregard of the sacred day will prove one of society's greatest dangers. The Lord's day is the poor man's day of rest, it is the day at home, and we should strive by every means in our power to encourage it to be thus observed, for in that way mankind gains its rest, the home retains its sanctity, and God is worshipped and His blessings will be poured out abundantly upon the individual and society."

"We should unite against unnecessary labor on the Lord's day and should use every effort to prevent it from losing its sacredness. All who work need the Sunday that they may say their duty to their God and at the same time give rest to their wearied bodies."

The bishop closed by urging that above all things the Sunday be a day sacred to God, without sin, thus meriting the reward due to the obedience which demands that the Sunday be kept holy that thus may come to man in abundance those blessings which he needs for the duties of life.

## THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

It is gratifying to note that the Knights of Columbus contemplate a vigorous campaign of education, which, if carried out as now planned, should flood with brilliant illumination sundry brains that long have been darkened by the deadening influence of historic lies.

The Knights now have a Catholic Truth Committee, whose duty it is to refute misstatements concerning the Church and to see that the spread of knowledge is energetically pushed. As a beginning for the excellent undertaking, arrangements have been made with Dr. James J. Walsh, the learned author of "The Popes and Science," to publish a special Knights of Columbus edition. This edition it is proposed to distribute free to those who really have a desire to know the truth.

"The Popes and Science" is the story of the papal relations to science from the Middle Ages down to the nineteenth century, and the author is dean and professor of the history of medicine and of nervous diseases at Fordham University School of Medicine. The work is not controversial, but constructive. The greatest medical schools were in the Papal states during the centuries when all science was in the medical departments of the university. The Papal physicians were the greatest authorities in science for seven centuries. These are facts that every fairminded student of science should know.

Here is one opinion from an authority of eminence. Professor Pierson, professor of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania, said: "I have been reading the book with the keenest interest, for it indeed presents many subjects in what to me, at least, is a new light. Every man of science looks to the beacon—truth—as his guiding mark, and every opportunity to replace even time-honored misconceptions by what is really the truth must be welcomed."

Buffalo council, we understand, will take an active part in this great and very necessary work.—Union and Times.

## MARY STUART.

Mr. A. Lang contributes to the Morning Post, London, a high tribute to Mary Stuart. It takes time to wear off the blunt edges of prejudice. He says:

"If I am told that I will deny that I have a prejudice—in favor of Queen Mary, for example—Nature necessarily awakes in me a bias toward saying—what happens to be perfectly true—that I am violently prejudiced in her favor, and know it. This was Sir Walter Scott's position. Asked to write a biography of the Queen, he refused, saying that his sentiments were in opposition to his reason. He could have done the work admirably. Except when under Protestant prepossessions, or under the bias of revolt from the helpless partiality of the Queen's too strenuous partisans, everyone is naturally on the side of a beautiful girl of eighteen, launched into a frenzied world without one true friend; with nothing but her charm and her feminine craft, daily insulted in her religion by the preachers and mob, deserted by greedy and selfish nobles, the butt of the concentrated hatred and complicated intrigues of Elizabeth and her minist—"

## HEROD AND THE BAPTIST

Ancient Jerusalem. Who Is Herod? Gentleness and Tyranny. Herod's Pride and Deceit. Slaughter of the Innocent Children. Escape of the Infant Savior. Blunt Conscience. The Baptist's Mission. His Zeal and Burning Words. Bring Correction. All Deeply Impressed With His Sincerity.

(Written for The Intermountain Catholic.)

Behold, they that are clothed in soft garments are in the houses of kings. But what went you to see! a prophet? Yea, I tell you, and more than a prophet. For this is he of whom it is written: Behold, I send My angel before thy face, who shall prepare thy way before thee.—Matt. xi. 9-10 v.

It is Jerusalem, but not the Jerusalem of patriarch and prophet, high priest and king. The glory of Solomon has departed, the psalms of David are sung in silence, the rites of Caiaphas are performed in secret. Jerusalem, thy power and thy glory have departed, and the Roman eagle floats above thy walls. Yes, above thy walls it floats, and above yonder palace where Herod dwells. The loyal Jew passes the palace, and seeing the eagle banner float there, his hands are clenched and his half-closed lips emit this whisper: "O, for the days of the valiant Josiah!" The loyal Jewess, who values her honor as her life, passes, and she sees in the windows the flaring lights, and knowing from hearsay the wild revelry that takes place there under the glare of these lights, with her eyes raised to heaven, she murmurs these words: "O, for the days of the chaste Susannah!" The high priest passes that palace. He shudders as he thinks that within it are new gods, gods whose composition are wood and stone, gods formed by the carpenter's chisel, the sculptor's hands, and before these gods, the smoking censor swings, before these gods, the proud Roman knee bends, before these gods, the learned Roman mind loses its intellectuality and its power. Seeing these things, knowing these things, the high priest shudders, and in a voice and as the voice of Jeremiah's, he gives vent to these words: "O, for the God of Moses and Isaac and Jacob!" Yes, Jerusalem, thy glory has departed, thy power now is as weak as the sands, the Roman eagle floats above thy walls and Herod is thy master. And who is Herod? There is a phrase which those who read know. The phrase is: "He out-Herods Herod." Gentleness belongs to children, and awe, it belongs to men and women who are noble in purpose, God-like in aim. Tyranny and blood, pride and lust, spring not from mind, but from passion. No, no, the mind as God gave it, is like His Essence, simple; it is like His White Throne, pure, but the body with its passions, the vessel of clay and mud oftentimes smothering the working of the mind and soul, and smothering them, man becomes lower than the beast, and then come the unbridled reign of blood, passion, lust—the out-Heroding Herod. Noble minds rule and win obedience, noble hearts love and win love in return. Great minds and great hearts have no littleness except the knowledge of their own littleness, and that knowledge brings in its train humility, the foundation of lasting greatness. The essence of tyranny is pride, which will abuse power, pride which will stop at no means sordid that it may clothe itself in more purple. Herod! pride was thy composition, and thy composition begot very ugly children—they were sensuality and weakness, blood and tears. Wise men came to thee and asked thee about Christ, King of the Jews. Methinks you frowned when they said "King of the Jews," for were not you King of the Jews? Yet, Herod, you were urbane with them, and into thy mind came the thought of murder.

"A man can smile and smile, And be a villain."

Herod smiled and said these words: "Go and find him, and when you have found him, come and tell me that I may come and adore him." The wise kings went their way. They found the Christ, and the voice of God told them, "Go not back to Herod."

Mary and Joseph and the Christ cross the desert. Before them is Egypt, behind them is Jerusalem, and what a Jerusalem. It is the Jerusalem of Rachel weeping and wailing and unwilling to be consoled, and why? On the walls of Jerusalem an edict is posted up: "All the children of two years old and under are to be put to death." Herod sits in his palace, pride and sensuality his attendants, and the cry of the mothers of Jerusalem as the child of their womb is torn from them reaches his ears, but he heeds not. The children of Jerusalem, the Holy Innocents, suffer a momentary pain and then God takes them to His bosom forever. Herod, thy voice caused that edict to be written, thy heart felt one pang of sorrow as the mother's piercing cry reached thine ears. Herod, you are king still, but blood and tears, lamentation and curses, hot as Vesuvius in eruption well up about thy throne. Wait awhile, it is only a matter of a few days, and God's hand will be manifest:

"The mills of God grind slowly."

But they grind sure and small."

Christ is in Egypt, and Herod is still King of the Jews. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," is a saying which is on everybody's lips. If the crown presses heavily upon the king whose day is just and pure, and whose life is given for the general good, how heavy must press that crown upon the king who knows not justice, whose days and nights are one mad round of revelry that screeches of blood that reddens of tears that choke? All men have a conscience. It may be sharp or it may be blunt. Herod, you had a conscience. It was a blunt one, and pride with its evil sisters blunted it. But blunt as it was, oh, Herod, in the

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